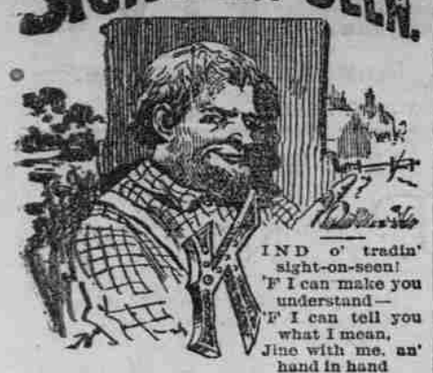
SIGHT-ON-SEEN.



IND o' tradin' sight-on-seen!
'F I can make you understand—
'F I can tell you what I mean,
Jine with me, an' hand in hand
Le's us up an' slip away
'Mong the shadders cool an' gray:
Swap the dust fer fresh-mowed hay,
Dandel'ins an' fields o' green,
Change September back to May—
Jest like tradin' sight-on-seen.

Swan to gracious! 'F I could see
Them *ol'* days an' be once more
Somethin' like I *use* to be,
Tough an' hearty to the core;
Feel my pockets bulgin' wide
With the'r load o' things inside—
Marbles, hooks an' lines an' dried
Fishin' worms an' stuff—I-jing!
I'd jest swap the years between
Now an' then, fer *any* thing—
Kind o' tradin' sight-on-seen.

'Taint no use o' waitin'! Le's
Natcherly jest amble back
Down the road to happiness;
'Long the ol' foot-beaten track
Runnin' up from Bingham's mill,
Through the Geddes place—until,
Tired an' tuckered out, we stop,
Zigzag back an' forth, an' drop
Down acrost the Bishop hill.
Cool our bare feet in the grass,
Where the beech trees lock an' lean
Up above us as we pass;
Sort o' tradin' sight-on-seen.

RUNNIN' UP FROM BINGHAM'S MILL.

Le's 'xchange this fev'rish life,
Callin' care an' sharp distress—
Trade these busy days o' strife
For an hour o' idleness.
Le's stretch out an' bat our eyes
At the depths o' summer skies,
Where the turkey-buzzard lies
Anchored in the upper air;
Far above the hilltops, where
Mingled waves o' shade an' sheen
Lap among the gold an' green
Harvest fields an' pestur' lands—
Tradin' with 'em sight-on-seen.

Sort o' tradin' sight-on-seen;
'F I could make you understand—
'F I could tell you what I mean,
Step by step an' hand in hand
We'd jest creep an' lazy on,
Down the wood path to the pon'—
Like we done in days that's gone.
Stretch full length upon the steep
Overhangin' bank an' peep
At two pairs o' blue eyes keen,
Smilin' at us through the d❤),
Dim an' sleepy w'ter-screen—
Tradin' with us sight-on-seen.

'Taint no use o' wishin', though!
Life jest hurries on an' on—
Jest to wait fer days to go,
Now it seems they're up an' gone
'Fore we have a chance to see
Where we are; an' there we be
Glancin' at eternity!
Yet, if I could have *my* way—
Gi' me back the fresh-mowed hay,
Dandel'ins an' fields o' green:
Turn September back to May—
Jest like tradin' sight-on-seen!

S. O. LAPIUS

POETRY IN PERSIA.

A Land Where Everyone Speaks in Flowery Sentences.

Some Specimens of the Impromptu Verse of Wandering Minstrels—Similes and Metaphors in the Mouths of Ordinary Laborers.

[Special Teheran (Persia) Letter.]

Singular that poetic feeling pervades the breast of every Persian. For in most respects, judged by the western standard, there is very little inspiration, very little romance in life and in the surroundings of the average Persian. The country is fast going to the dogs under the misrule of centuries, so much so that the larger part of its wide and diametrically varied area has become arid, bare and unattractive, with steep ranges of mountains whose sides are almost barren of every kind of vegetation and devoid of animal life. Surrounded by two powerful neighbors, the Russian transcaspian region and the British possessions in India, the life is slowly strangled out of once mighty Persia, and her political independence is even now nothing but a pleasant fiction, for as a matter of fact the shah, though irresponsible despot at home, is nothing but the vassal of Russia and the pensioner of Britain. With that, too, the lower strata of the population, comprising nineteen-twentieths of the whole, are steeped in poverty and ignorance of the deepest dye, and existence under such circumstances becomes a mere struggle for the bare necessities of life.

It is a fact that a Persian ryot, or laborer, subsists, as a rule, with his family, on the equivalent of about five cents a day (half a keraun), and when dressed up for a holiday his whole outfit is probably not worth more than about 75 cents, sandals and cap included. The women grind the cereals themselves in the old-fashioned Biblical way, between two flat stones, and then they bake it in the open, in a peculiar institution which somewhat resembles the beds of heated stone used for a clambake in Rhode Island. Their necessities are so few that even a well-accredited member of your late Coxey army would deem himself cheated out of his patrimony if he had to exchange places with the pauperized Persian.

And yet with all that the Persian is as full of poetry as an egg is of meat. You cannot approach him without poetry oozing fairly out of him at every pore. The other day I was watching the building of a little house in Teheran, the material used in its construction being sun-baked brick. As one workman threw the other a brick, he would invariably sing out, in a queer, long-drawn chant:

"Here — — brother!——In the name of God! — — In the name of Ali! —— A brick!"

And then he would change his tune as he shifted about, and would compose a new litany and a new meter.

One afternoon, riding around in the environs of the capital, I met a poor gray-haired fellow breaking stone, with whom I engaged in a haphazard conversation. He interrupted his work and began to tell me of his trials and tribulations. Every sentence was a poem. His choice of picturesque phrases, his happy way of introducing metaphors and similes, his thoroughly Biblical manner of talking in parables exceeded anything one could find among the most highly educated in other lands.

From among the literature of the street—i. e., born in a minute and dead the next—I took the trouble to collect a few specimen poems as I heard them fall from the lips of those marvelous story-tellers who formed the subject of a recent article of mine. The translation I made is not as good nor as smooth as the originals, but I give them for what they are worth:

No cypress there is like thee in the meadows;
Like thy cheeks there is no more beauteous rose.
Oh! happy pearl that liest warm on her bosom,
With my lips I will pierce thee and breathe love through those snows.

Just an extemporaneous love ditty, you see, but glowing and elegant as in the days of the troubadours. And here is the wail of a modern Andromache:

Since thou hast gone from me,
Friend of my soul,
What is there left in my heart?
Smoldering ashes, a dreary scroll
Like the caravan leaves in its track.

Note, too, the serio-comic appeal of a lover contained in the following:

Why does the cock not crow this morn?
Is it because we have not kissed enough?
To take one's lips from lips that did not scorn
Were foolishness indeed.
O, cock, don't crow!

Here, too, are a few verses that show that the average Persian, although nominally an orthodox Moslem, and as such averse to wine, is by no means an abstainer in reality:

Do not plant the tree of sadness
In that heart of thine;
Rather drink the cup of gladness
Filled with fragrant wine.

Follow where thy heart does lead thee,
And do not forget;
Let not time, the fleeting, grieve thee,
Feel no vain regret.

The grape is mother to the wine,
And wine of grape the daughter;
While I the mother do decline,
I fear I love the daughter.

These, of course, were but picked up by me at random, and the chances are that if the improvised songs, poems and ditties of these strolling minstrels were garnered throughout Persia for but one single year there would be brought together as interesting a compendium of the joys and sorrows of life as any that ever existed. But even as translations the reader will perceive that the Persian is a natural-born poet, a Villon of the nineteenth century.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

Supporting the National Colors.

Fred—They hold up the red, white and blue pretty well over to Hickey's.

Ted—How is that?

"Nearly every time I go over there Hickey's boy is red where his father spanked him last, Hickey himself is white with rage and the air is blue with escaped expressions."—Boston Courier.

The Shoe on the Other Foot.

"Tommy, where is your new poll parrot?"

"I lent it to the man that runs the canalboat."

"Does he want to teach it profanity?"

"No, indeed. He said he wanted to borrow it and get a few points."—Washington Star.

The Book Required.

Mr. Bondstock (tenderly) — Do you think you could learn to love me?

Miss Wurkum (shyly)—I might if you gave me lessons from the right book.

Mr. Bondstock—What book shall I teach you from?

Miss Wurkum—Your pocketbook.—N. Y. World.

A Practical Consideration.

"What are we to do with the anarchists?" asks the man who studies political economy.

"Why, when they break the law we can put them in the penitentiary."

"Yes, we can do that. But I hate like everything to demoralize the penitentiary."—Washington Star

FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT SWEET CLOVER.

Noxious Weed in the North, Useful Forage Plant in the South.

In a recent bulletin Prof. Goff describes sweet clover as a noxious weed. It is extremely common in many northern states, abounding in waste places, along roadsides and to some extent in fields. It is large and tall, resembling alfalfa somewhat, although much coarser. The leaves are large and succulent. It is extremely fragrant when in bloom and is an excellent honey plant.

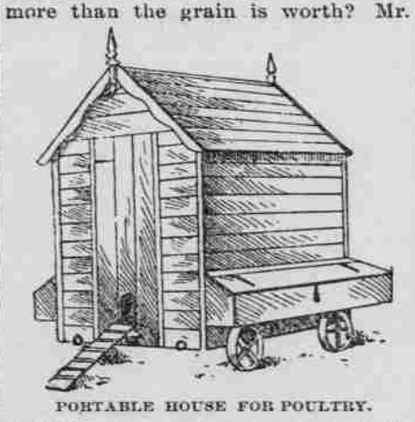
In most of the west and central west as well as in the northern states it is regarded as a nuisance, but Prof. Tracy finds that it is valuable for reclaiming waste land, as it grows not only upon rich soil, but thrives on the poorest kind of land. The large roots contain a vast number of tubercles which aid largely in enriching the soil. Prof. Goff says: "The decay of all the large roots not only supplies plant food but aids in draining the land by forming numerous narrow passages through which the soil water finds an outlet."

In the south, however, this clover is regarded as a useful forage plant. Although not eaten by cattle at first, they soon learn to relish it. If cut early it is there regarded as valuable as cowpea, red clover or Japan clover hay. Its great value there, however, consists in its power to renovate the soil, doing for the south in this line what red clover does for the north. Prof. Goff, however, states that, admitting it has useful qualities, the sweet clover is a coarse, homely plant, and where permitted to grow its tall flower stalk is certainly offensive to the eye, and the annoyance it causes would warrant its destruction. It should not be allowed to bloom or mature seed. This plant is easily got rid of in cultivated fields, a single year being sufficient to remove it if the work is carefully done.—Prof. L. H. Pammel, Iowa Agricultural College.

PORTABLE HEN HOUSE.

How Poultry Can Be Made to Utilize Waste in Grain Fields.

There is always more or less grain lost in harvesting—shelled off the heads or broken down out of reach of the reaper. When grain was high in price farmers could afford to ignore this waste and let it seed the land with a volunteer crop. The writer has often herded cows on the great Colorado wheat fields, that were seeded in this way. In these times, however, "every little counts," and even the waste in the grain fields must be picked up and utilized. But whose labor is so valueless that it will not cost more than the grain is worth? Mr.



PORTABLE HOUSE FOR POULTRY.

and Mrs. Hen are the people to do the work properly. We illustrate the way this thing is done in England. A little henhouse on wheels, large enough for twenty-five hens, is hauled about from one part of the field to another. Wherever it stops, the hens clean up all the scattered wheat for many rods in every direction. They come back to the house to sleep and lay. All the farmer has to do is to move the house and gather the eggs—the hens do the rest. There is progress for you—a step in advance of "hens by the acre." On many an American wheat farm the hens could make the waste wheat worth a good deal of money.—Rural New Yorker.

Applying Ashes to the Soil.

The quantity of ashes that should be applied to the acre must depend on the soil and crops cultivated. Potatoes, turnips and all roots—clover, lucern, peas, beans and the grasses are great exhausters of the salts, and they are consequently much benefited by ashes. They are used with decided advantage for the above crops in connection with bone dust; and for clover, peas and roots, their effects are much enhanced when mixed with gypsum. Light soils should have a smaller, and rich lands or clays a heavier, dressing. From 12 to 15 bushels per acre for the former and 30 for the latter is not too much; or, if they are leached, the quantity may be increased one-half, as they act with less energy.

Irrigation by Use of Windmills.

Irrigation by the use of windmills is receiving attention in all sections. There are now eight journals devoted to irrigation. As a remedy against drought the storage of water for use when it is most needed will at some day be a portion of the work of successful agriculturists. Necessity is inducing invention in the storage of water, and already large market gardens are being partially supplied by windmills, though the rains are depended upon for the larger share of moisture during growth.

THE HORSE NETTLE.

A Troublesome Weed and Directions for Exterminating It.

The well-known horse nettle (Solanum Carolinense) is apparently spreading in the northern states, though not as fast as some of the annual ones. Horse nettle is a native, from Connecticut south to Florida and west to Texas. I have seen it very abundant in central Illinois and in southern and central Missouri, occurring not only along roadsides, but in the streets of cities, on vacant lots and too often in cultivated fields, where it does great injury to crops.

Its common name does not indicate that this weed is closely related to the cultivated potato, but the botanical name of the genus shows close relationship. An examination of its flowers will show that they much resemble those of the potato, being bluish or whitish in color. The berry, commonly called the "seed," also resembles that formed on the potato. The leaves have large prickles on the midrib and

THE HORSE NETTLE.

some of the large lateral ribs. They are also slightly hairy. The stem is beset with numerous stout prickles.

Many of the related plants of this genus are annuals, but horse nettle is a deep-rooted perennial, its roots often extending three feet or more into the soil. This fact makes it a very tenacious weed, very difficult to exterminate. For this reason the weed grows in dense patches, which are carefully avoided by stock in pastures. I would advise plowing the land at this time, allowing none of the leaves to appear. The plants should be kept down the succeeding year. Plow the ground again next summer. Sow thickly with rye and keep watch of the nettle, allowing none to grow. Careful work for two seasons should remove it.—Prof. L. H. Pammel, Agricultural College, Iowa.

FEEDING CALVES.

Practical Directions for Raising the Young Creatures by the Pail.

Don't overfeed, especialy for the first ten days.

Don't expect the calves to thrive if the pails are not washed every day and occasionally scalded.

Don't stop the new milk ration too quickly or too abruptly; gradually change to old milk, with linseed meal porridge.

Don't forget a lump of chalk or clay sod to lick when in stable, as an antidote to acidity; in a state of nature they get to the soil directly, and consume more or less daily.

Don't neglect the feed box. Get them started to eat as soon as possible, and by keeping manger sweet and clean encourage them to eat as much as possible. As with the pails, so should the manger be scalded occasionally.

Don't forget that the calf requires a ration to grow bone and muscle as well as fat.

Don't expect corn to supply all that the calf requires in shape of grain. Remember it is food rich in nitrogenous elements that will supply that which is most wanted, such as oats, bran, peas and linseed cake with clover hay.

Don't ever let it slip the memory or practice that to be grown profitably there must be no let up from day of birth to the block; one day unprofitably spent, or in which there is no increase, will take the profit of three days to simply pay for its keep that day.—Live Stock Journal.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

A SANDY soil is the best location for a poultry yard.

THE growing fowls should have a change in the grain ration every week.

KEEPING the nests dark will often prevent the hens from eating the eggs.

TWO WEEKS is long enough to make a fowl fat if highly fed with a fattening ration.

AIR-SLAKED lime freely used in the poultry quarters will destroy unpleasant odors.

DUSTING air-slacked lime freely over the floor is one of the best remedies for dampness in the poultry house.

THE late-hatched turkeys can nearly always be given a fresh range much younger than those hatched earlier.

DRY earth is the best deodorizer known. It is also the best absorbent to preserve the manure in the least offensive way.

ONE of the best ways of making the poultry-house comfortable is to make a double wall and line the inside one with paper.—St. Louis Republic.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Revelation Regarding the Future of Arid Lands in the West.

The portions of the west which years ago were considered desert land, incapable of any utility to man, have grown less and less in extent under the patient, intelligent skill of the farmer, until to-day waving green and evident prosperity reign where once the scorching sand proclaimed only a dreary waste. In western Kansas, southwestern Nebraska and the Cherokee Strip, as well as Colorado, New Mexico and further west, though by no means a desert waste, the land is still menaced and harassed by protracted droughts each summer which scorch and burn vegetation and cause the farmer to despair of eking out a bare existence. To the relief of this existing condition of affairs intelligent thought and skill have come, not in the shape of revolutionizing the natural conditions but in successful adaptation to those conditions. Where heretofore the farmer has been obliged to struggle along with the discouragement of seeing his crops in part burn up, he is now promised success and prosperity. The conditions which mean failure to the raising of the customary crops proclaim life and maturity to the plum, prune and tart cherries, for these can be grown on plains without irrigation water, simply by intense cultivation, and these, it would seem, will be the future crops of the sections named.

On this point the president of the leading Nursery company of Missouri says:

"After having observed the west for some years and noticing the fruit grown, not only on a commercial scale, but trees here and there, I am convinced that there is a great future for western Kansas, southwest Nebraska and the Cherokee Strip, as well as Colorado, New Mexico and further west, in the growing of the stone fruits, chiefly plums, prunes and cherries; of the latter such varieties as Montana, Suda Hardy, Ostheimer, etc., the Lombard plum, the gages, prunes, etc. Some of the advantages are, favorable climate, a soil wonderfully rich, fifteen hundred miles nearer the market than the Pacific coast, cheap land, cheap rates, cheap labor, and the greatest advantage of all, in shipping green fruit, is that it may be allowed to come to maturity instead of picking green as they do on the coast; this fruit will for the same reason sell one-third higher on the Chicago markets, as Colorado peaches for the same reason sell one-third higher on the Denver markets than California sorts.

"The plum, prune and cherry need little water comparatively; it is too much rain that makes the growth of these finer sorts hazardous and uncertain in the east. The country named belongs to the arid region. Sufficient rain falls there during the early spring to insure crops, and the one thing to do is to plant on a commercial scale. Success will follow. Half-way work and neglect will not insure success there nor elsewhere. What has been done on the plains of Colorado can be done in western Kansas.

"The apple and pear may also be grown in the same belt if enough work is done, but not so successfully, for the reason more water is required than for stone fruits which come to perfection in dry seasons. This year the plums and prunes throughout Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, in the rain belts, are coming to maturity. If there had been the usual summer rains the fruit would have rotted more or less, unless sprayed. These fruits must have a dry climate.

"Struggling farmers of western Kansas, who are trying to grow corn burnt out with the usual annual drought, should know and realize the possibilities in the culture of these fruits. If they get a crop of corn it may net them ten dollars per acre; the stone fruit will net them several hundred dollars per acre, and a ten-acre orchard worth more than a quarter section devoted to general farming. Think of it; try it. But start right, cultivate right, and be sure and plant the best trees, the best sorts. The majority of the failures are made from planting wrong sorts, a mistake that ought to be avoided. The annual drought that burns out the corn, is just the weather needed for maturing and insuring good crops of plums and prunes, especially for curing the prunes. Some of our friends in these very regions may be surprised to know that some of the finest fruit lands of the Pacific coast, only a few years ago, were considered a barren desert."

A Warning from the Past.

"And did you have a love affair once, auntie?"

The pale face of the spinster aunt flushed, her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, dear," she answered. "I loved a noble, handsome young man, and he loved me; but we were parted by a cruel falsehood."

The young girl bent forward, listening eagerly.

"Yes," resumed the old maiden aunt in a tremulous voice; "we were parted by a cruel lie. A false friend, a girl who wished him for herself, basely told him I was studying elocution."

That night a maiden's golden tresses were put up in curl papers torn from the leaves of a volume entitled: "Twenty Standard Recitations." A young girl nowadays does not need to have a house fall on her.—Puck.